

NOTHING can be more stirring, more vivid, or more brilliant, than the appearance of the grand drive at the Central Park, on a fair day, in the fashionable season. In the cartoon which accompanies this number of the JOURNAL, the artist has in no wise exaggerated the picture. The scene selected for the drawing is the circle which describes a small lake in the upper part of the Park, just where many carriages sweep around to return southward toward the city, and others detour into the wide avenues beyond the Park, where it is customary for the owners of fast horses to show the mettle of their steeds.

Probably nothing more fully exhibits the wealth, luxury, and taste of New-York City than its fancy "turnouts" and private carriages. These brilliant equipages are comparatively a new feature in our metropolitan extravagance. Our old families, it is true, kept their carriages; but they were almost solely used for ceremonious purposes; and it was not until the rapidly-increasing wealth of the city, added to the charms of our unsurpassed Central-Park drives, that a passion for fast horses and costly carriages existed more than in a few exceptional instances. One of our carriage-manufacturers marks the approach of this state of things by saying that, in the year 1839, the demand for costly equipages was nominal. In the succeeding ten years he manufactured one hundred a year; in the next ten years two hundred and fifty a year; and in the next ten years—from 1859 to 1869—an average of five hundred a year, making an aggregate, all the manufactures of the city included, of at least fifty new carriages a day. The fashionable styles are: the Clarence (large family or state carriage); landau (opening on the top); landaulet (opening on the top, with appliances to remove the front section if desired); coupé (for fair weather or fresh air); pony-phaeton (riding *à fresco*); and a four-in-hand drag, which, within a few years, has become one of the most conspicuous features of the Central-Park drives.

The pictorial art of the stage now more than rivals the actor, and almost supplants the poetry of the dramatist. It has thrust itself into a first place in theatrical affairs, and not even Shakespeare himself is now acceptable to the public unless set forth with a wealth of scenic display. It has its meretricious aspects, undoubtedly; but it is by no means always mere show and glitter. It has often great pomp of color; it is sometimes intensely vulgar; it is frequently an appeal to barbaric taste; and in dramas of a certain character it aims, not only to be dazzling, but sensuous. In these it designs to heat the blood, and fill the imagination with voluptuous images. Female beauty is more or less identified and mingled with it. It exhibits paradises of intoxicating beauty, and places the houries there before our eyes. It is the Mohammedism of art.

But it is not always this. It sometimes affords us pictures of exquisite and elevating beauty. It often reproduces the periods of the past with fidelity and historic splendor. It can be, and occasionally is, all that art in any form can aspire to—the means of refined pleasure and elevating sentiment.

Art upon the stage not only reaches larger numbers than is possible otherwise, but its effects are broader, its illusions more perfect, its impressions more stimulating, and its lessons more decided. It is far more real. It is capable of grander and sublimer effects. It is more satisfying to the imagination. It is more nearly the thing depicted. We speak, of course, of this art in its better and more successful expression. We mean such pictures as were exhibited last year in "Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Olympic; in a recent scene called the "Lilacs" at Niblos; in a few scenes in the French opera; and in several scenes now presented at Wallack's Theatre, in "Much Ado about Nothing," and at Booth's new beautiful dramatic temple, in "Romeo and Juliet." These are all artistically beautiful,

and prove that, while scene-painting has often been low, coarse, false, and hurtful, it is capable of being employed in a higher and purer spirit. In these instances quoted, the stage scenes have nearly the same effect upon the imagination, only more vivid, than a landscape by one of our painters has. Not so completely refining, of course; not so pure in taste; not so simple, symmetrical, and chaste; with more or less thought, no doubt, to dazzle the unthinking—and yet with a largeness, a triumph of perspective, a completeness in proportion and fullness, that render them the most powerful form of pictorial expression.

It is curious to note that, while the Positive Philosophy, so called, of M. Auguste Comte, seems to be growing in favor with certain semi-scientific or socialistic persons, it is fast losing its hold upon the well-trained scientific mind of the age. There is a tendency to accept the term "positive" as well applying to that body of definite scientific truth which is capable of verification and of universal acceptance; and there is an equally marked tendency to reject Comte's distinctive system of doctrines. The last decisive repudiation of Comte is by Prof. T. H. Huxley in a recent able lecture on the "Physical Basis of Life." Referring to a previous lecture of the Archbishop of York, he observed: "Now, so far as I am concerned, the most reverend prelate might dialectically hew M. Comte to pieces as a modern Agag, and I should not attempt to stay his hand. In so far as my study of what specially characterizes the 'Positive Philosophy' has led me, I find therein little or nothing of any scientific value, and a great deal which is as thoroughly antagonistic to the very essence of science as any thing in ultramontane Catholicism. In fact, M. Comte's philosophy in practice might be compendiously described as Catholicism minus Christianity."

The proposition that there is no such thing as technical English grammar, though not originating with Mr. Richard Grant White, has found in him one of its warmest supporters. In a recent number of *The Galaxy* he gives plausible reasons for his position; and, though some scholars may think that he has strained a point here and there—as, for instance, when he asserts that, in the sentences, *I have loved* and *I have money*, the powers of *have* are precisely equivalent—few will be disposed seriously to contest his broad conclusion that, the English language possessing very few inflections, most of its written grammar is "so-called," or, as he terms it, *make-believe* grammar. But, from this conclusion, some practical inferences have been drawn or assumed by others, against which we cannot too strongly protest. Thus, it is urged, that absence of style necessarily follows absence of technical grammar, that there is and ought to be no such thing as style in English, and that it is no matter how a man expresses his ideas, provided he does so intelligibly. Surely the logical and natural conclusion is just the opposite. If the relations of English words to one another depend entirely, or almost entirely, on their position in a sentence, then indeed their arrangement is of great importance; and arrangement is a leading element of style.

Another question deeply affects the rising generation. If most of our English grammar is *make-believe*, the study of it should be suppressed, like all other shams. On the other hand, it is certain that any liberal education involves a very appreciable amount of verbal and grammatical study of some sort. The abolition of English grammar implies, therefore, one of two things: either the preservation of the much-assailed classics, or additional attention to the modern languages in their written form.

It may be questioned whether published literature is, after all, a full or just measurement of public taste and intelligence. No doubt there are twenty books written to where one is printed; and editors of periodicals will bear witness that, of

all the lucubrations offered to them for publication, a smaller proportion even than this finds its way into their pages. Clearly, then, our published literature exhibits an exceptional culture. That which goes into the waste-basket more nearly indicates our average taste and capacity. Bad as that which is printed may be, yet it has been culled and gleaned; there is behind it a vast residuum which is inferior to it. Only editors and publishers know how poor this remainder *is*; how capricious the taste, how strange the ignorance, how low the morals, how rambling the logic, which a very large number of ladies and gentlemen display, to the fortunate ignorance of their friends and the public.

Everybody has heard of the gigantic and extraordinary animals of the ancient world, which inhabited the earth long before the introduction of man. Their tombs are the geological formations, and fragments of their skeletons having been exhumed and pieced out by the anatomists, their colossal frameworks are set up in the museums, and engravings of them fill the geological books. To the student of these things, who discovers the vestiges in the rocks, chisels them out, and supplements the deficient parts, nothing can be more real than these extraordinary creatures and the circumstances of their lives; but to those who give little thought to the subject they are regarded, with a kind of incredulous wonder, as myths of the scientific imagination. Nothing is so well fitted to dispel this state of mind as the restoration of those extinct forms in their full dimensions and lifelike aspects; not with the flesh off, and standing in their bones, as Sydney Smith wished to do on a hot day, but filled out in due proportions, so as to simulate the reality of nature. Some of the largest and most remarkable of the American fossils are to be thus restored at the Central Park, the Commissioners having engaged Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins to do the work. This is an important step in the direction of public education, as there is no place on this whole continent where these objects would be seen by such multitudes of people, and seen under such favorable circumstances of leisure for observation as those afforded by the Central Park of New York.

The dinner of the Yale Alumni Association, at Delmonico's, last month, was one of the most successful public banquets of the season. Mr. Evarts, always happy, showed his very happiest vein; President Woolsey was as grandly ingenuous as Admiral Farragut could have been; and the graduates generally had what old Theocritus would have called a jolly revel. It is worth noting, however, that while alumni associations are becoming popular, there is no tendency to any thing like *inter-collegiate* action. The attempt to establish a university club a few years ago proved a total failure. The Harvard men especially pooh-poohed the movement from the first. Now the alumni clubs furnish opportunities for pleasant social gatherings, and confer more solid advantages on their respective colleges by encouraging benefactions and bringing graduate opinion to bear on academic management; but the *united* cultivation of the country might do much more than this. President Woolsey told the Yalensians that the union of educated men of all conditions was the only true democracy; he might have added, that it was also the only true aristocracy. And, when we consider how great a cause and promoter of evil ignorance has always been, the formation of such an aristo-democracy is surely desirable.

TABLE-TALK.

THE contrasts of social life in London are favorite subjects of sensational description, satirical animadversion, and philanthropic lamentation. At one extreme, there are the rich, wallowing in unbounded wealth and all the extravagance of luxury ; and, at the other, squalid poverty, beggary, and pauperism, in their most frightful and sickening forms. Shall we infer then that, in this great Babylon, the fountains of human sympathy are dried up, and that all charity is dead? Far from it. The provision for the relief of destitution and suffering is on a scale which no other city in the world can parallel. The *London Times* has lately made a rough investigation into the charitable

resources of the English metropolis, and devoted three pages of its large sheet to a tabulation of results. Its footing up shows *ten million dollars a year* devoted to purposes of charity.

The Bishop of London, who has long been a close student of its charities, and an authority in all that pertains to it, follows the *Times's* account by a statement, in which he says that, if the excepted items of the *Times's* reporter are filled out, the figures will be doubled. According to the highest authority, then, the sum expended by organized charitable associations in London amounts to *twenty millions of dollars a year*; and this, be it remembered, is exclusive of private aid and of the enormous expenditures for relief under the poor-law. And what is the result? Not a diminution, but an increase of poverty and pauperism—in the language of the *Times*, “Such a spread of want, misery, pauperism, and crime, that we are at our wits’ end to meet it.”

Some singular facts have been developed in the course of this investigation which assist to explain the confessed failure of this method of relieving the needy. In the first place, one-quarter of the money is absorbed in running the institutional machinery which stands between the donor and the recipient; that is, it takes five million dollars to work the organizations which disburse fifteen millions. In the next place, the extent and perfection of the organizations for charity have led to something like a counter-organization on the part of impostors to get the money. There are a thousand charitable associations, and, of course, many are devoted to the relief of the same objects; the temptation thus offered for the same individuals to get money from different associations, tends naturally to the multiplication of impostors. The *Times* says: “Large sums are consumed in expensive and superfluous machinery, and large sums again are lavished in the support and encouragement of systematic and organized imposture. In the mean time, though charity so freely gives, deserving poverty is not relieved.”

About fifty years ago, one of the most fashionable young New-Yorkers was Colonel M——, who, being rich, handsome, and well-connected, had fallen into the habit of strutting along Broadway in a very lofty and pompous manner. As he one day approached old Trinity Church, he saw Washington Irving standing on the stone base, and holding fast to the iron railing in front of the church. “Hallo, Irving, what the deuce is the matter?” shouted the colonel, and, in reply, heard these words: “Why, I supposed, from your manner of walking, that Broadway must belong to you, and so I’m trying to get out of your way.”

Robert Buchanan, following if not imitating the example of Charles Dickens, has appeared before English audiences as a reader of his own poems. He has been, we believe, successful; and this success, as in the case of Mr. Dickens, has arisen from his power of dramatic characterization rather than by his skill as a reader. Artistic reading is the perfect use of emphasis and inflection. Mr. Dickens is singularly at fault in both; but he has the actor’s talent of dramatic personation. Mr. Buchanan, we are told, threw his audience in tears on reading his poem of “Willie Baird.” It would be a strange humanity that could listen to this pathetic poem with dry eyes, even if the dullest of readers were uttering it.

It is somewhat singular that we have produced no good dramatic reader in this country. We are often told that there is a good deal of amateur dramatic talent in private society. It may be so; but clearly it never gets on the stage or into the reading-desk. The public speakers of America are probably about as pompous, loud-mouthed, and manneristic a set of declaimers as the world can show. Their delivery is ruled either by the pulpit or the platform, and it would be hard to say

which is the most abominable. Our lecturers, for instance, usually have the manner of the pulpit, and preach; or the manner of the platform, and declaim. Dramatic reading, as presented by Mr. Dickens or Mrs. Butler, is highly entertaining. But mere declamatory reading is an offence. What our public speakers really need is the art of effectively *talking* to an audience. The most perfect delivery of this kind we recollect was that of Thackeray's; there was great art in the nicety of his emphasis and inflection, but his sentences glided from the tongue in a smooth, simple, unaffected, yet singularly effective manner that was a triumph of the art that conceals art.

It is rumored that we are to have a Museum of Natural History in the Central Park—a circumstance which will not be more gratifying to the citizens of New York than to the people throughout the country, who have a pride in the metropolis, and all of whom expect to visit it some day or other. The value of such an institution, not only as a source of interesting and instructive recreation to the throngs who will visit the Park, but as affording a rallying-point of scientific effort and organization, will be great and important. There can be no doubt that art and science are very considerably out of balance in our metropolitan thought and activity. That the interests of art are better appreciated, there can be no better proof than is afforded by the Central Park itself, while the interests of science are without a corresponding recognition or expression. A museum of natural history, on a scale commensurate with the wealth of the city and the artistic perfection of its local surroundings, will relieve us from our present reproach, and give a vigorous impulse to scientific pursuits. The kindred work of restoring some of the gigantic American fossils, which the Commissioners have commenced, and which is but a part of the comprehensive plan for the illustration of natural history, is already of much interest to men of science, remote as well as near, and will be a marked element of public attraction.

But more important still is the bearing which such an institution, or group of institutions, will have upon the cause of popular enlightenment; and we are glad to note that the Commissioners recognize this in speaking of the contemplated museum as "an aid to the great educational system of the city." This is, after all, the most valuable and vital aspect of the movement. A museum of natural-history objects, so arranged as to be thoroughly accessible, and accompanied with clear and simple descriptions of the objects, might be systematically visited by classes from our public schools, and a knowledge of things instead of words—a most desirable end in education—would be thereby essentially promoted.

Considerable discussion has been going on in the English papers in reference to Mr. Robertson's new comedy of "School" and its claim to originality. The comedy was at first enthusiastically praised on account of its novelty and freshness, but a correspondent of the London *Times* showed that its plot was entirely drawn from a German play called "Aschenbrödel;" whereupon Mr. Dion Boucicault hurries into print in defence of Mr. Robertson—prompted very naturally by a fellow-feeling—and insists that this "ridiculous cant about originality should be exploded." What the "ridiculous cant" is, does not seem quite clear—unless it is that play-makers must be allowed to beg, borrow, or appropriate, where they list and how they list, and the critics to accept what is offered in thankfulness and peace. Mr. Boucicault claims that the language of "School" is original, and cites a host of authorities to prove that in rehabilitating a drama from foreign or remote sources, Mr. Robertson has not transcended the law and the custom of the stage. Mr. Boucicault's letter has brought out numerous other correspondents, some in defence of and some in opposition to his arguments. The writer, it seems to us, forgot or ignored the

real issue. It is Mr. Robertson's reticence and want of candor that are justly complained of. The comedy of "School" was specially praised for exactly that quality which was derived from the foreign origin. Every one who is acquainted with the comedies of "Caste" and "Ours"—which we consider the purest and best productions in recent dramatic literature—would expect to find in a new drama from the same pen the taste, skill, and genuine power, for which those plays are so justly noted; but, when something is shown to have been concealed, a distrust arises which must necessarily qualify the public praise.

A New-York journal sums up a political article by declaring that "the whole use of government is to make things cheap." Would it not be better if government did not attempt to regulate either the cheapness, or dearness, or value, or price of "things?" When it is discovered that the whole use of government is to make "things" secure, we shall have advanced a little in our knowledge of political economy.

There are two things common in our New-York architecture which are utterly destructive to its dignity. One is the use of iron. There is no beauty of texture in the material itself, and the necessity of covering it with paint renders it in effect mean and contemptible. Paint in architecture is at all times a degradation; when fresh it is glaring and vulgar, when old it is dingy and stained. The other defect referred to is the custom of concentrating all the ornamentation on the fronts of buildings, leaving the rear and side walls piles of rough, cheap bricks. Warehouses built in this way may, perhaps, be tolerated, but in public buildings it is inexcusable. The Academy of Design building, for instance, viewed from the front, is very unique and beautiful; but, if approached from the upper side along Fourth Avenue, a blank pile of rough, unfinished brick confronts the spectator. Opposite this building the Young Men's Christian Association are erecting a very large, costly, and handsome structure—handsome, if you stand where the architect designs you to stand—but if you approach it from the south or the west, directions from which it will be seen more frequently than from any other, you will see nothing but tall altitudes of cheap brick and mortar. Almost all our buildings are marred in the same way. That is not architecture worthy the name which does not stand isolated, and present a finished picture from every point of view.

General Wilson, Fitz-Greene Halleck's literary executor and biographer, supplies us with an anecdote of the poet which has not elsewhere appeared. Halleck's habit of maintaining unusual opinions in a manner between jest and earnest, on one occasion cost him the loss of a fine portrait. Seth Cheney, a simple-minded, serious, and credulous artist, who died in 1856, was very successful with his crayon-pictures, transferring to the sheet before him the finest and most elevated expression of which the countenance of his sitter was capable. Halleck once sat to him, but the painter found the frame of mind which he brought to his task disturbed by the poet's rattling fire of "quips and cranks and wanton wiles," and by the sportive manner in which his sitter spoke of certain matters which, to the mind of the artist, should only be referred to with the utmost reverence. One morning when Halleck came as usual, Cheney said to him: "I have finished your likeness." "You have been expeditious," said the poet, with that old-school courtesy for which he was so noted. "Yes," replied the painter, "I put it in the fire this morning."

The third number of APPLETONS' JOURNAL will be accompanied by a steel-plate engraving, from a painting by KENSSETT, called "Noon on the Sea-shore."

TABLE-TALK.

IT is by no means surprising that the subject of woman has taken a deep hold of public attention. Certainly, so far as a question can derive attractions from the interest of its subject, the woman-question has a quite incontestable supremacy over every other. Nor has it ever been otherwise. The literatures of all countries and of all times testify to the eminent place accorded to woman in the cultivated thought of the world. Alike the glory of chivalry, the life of romance, the soul of poetry, and the inspiration of art, she has been the regnant ideal in all the finer spheres of mental achievement. But all subjects change their aspects with the advance of thought. The forms of chivalry have passed away, and the romancing spirit is repressed by a new discipline in a period of absorbing practical inquiry; yet woman is still in the ascendant, though she comes before us now in a new phasis. Having been idolized, sung, and flattered through all the moods and tenses of poetic feeling, it seems at length her destiny to be soberly *considered*. The age is analytic and radical; it takes things to pieces, and goes down to their roots. In this temper its attention is drawn to woman—to her capacities, duties, and rights, and she thus becomes the subject of a question. But, if woman, as a theme of poetry, has never failed to be interesting, as a thesis of discussion she has a corresponding importance. The subject as now opened goes to the very roots of social order, and, in its settlement, if that be possible, it carries with it the settlement of a whole range of problems of the deepest moment to society. Our age presents no inquiry more important than that of the rights, education, and true position of the female sex. Whether the leaders of the movement comprehend the real gravity and difficulty of the work they have undertaken, is doubtful.

Recent strikes among workmen in various branches of trade have sent employers into the streets in search of apprentices. Their success has been very limited. There is a vast number of lads seeking clerkships; the mercantile, financial, and professional pursuits have greater accessions than they need; but the indisposition to enter the trades or take up the industrial arts is so marked, that, if it continue, we shall soon have a labor famine. Immigration, in fact, is the only thing that prevents it now. Every American boy expects to make his fortune in Wall Street, or to run for Congress, and disdains those pursuits that are not immediately conducive to these ends. It may be questioned, moreover, whether our public-school education is not in part responsible for this condition of things. Our system in educating children in ideas above their social level, in promoting literary rather than scientific culture, and in ignoring the industrial arts, is serving to paralyze the productive labor of the country at its very source.

Mr. Robertson's new comedy of "School," now acting so successfully in London, New York, and Boston, may be cited to disprove a common impression, that the stage of the period is entirely given over to sensation. This little comedy is almost a revelation in dramatic literature. With a plot very slight, with no stirring incident, almost without a situation, dealing, in a thoroughly realistic way, with ordinary life, it yet has achieved the greatest dramatic success of the season. This is to be attributed to its truthful characters, its charming pictures of life, and the highly skilful way in which ordinary incidents are rendered dramatic and effective. The public taste is not so low as it is continually asserted to be. In people's eagerness to be entertained, they are not always, it is true, discriminating. Their likings, moreover, are catholic, and the very persons who to-night are dazzled by the glittering splendors of a "Black Crook," to-morrow may be subdued by the simple pathos of a story like that of "School." The success of this play is proof of the popular sympathy for a pure and elegant drama, and de-

prives actors and managers of all excuse for offering the lewd, the coarse, or the sensational.

The women of America are usually supposed to possess an immunity from insult or molestation when travelling alone, or in other unprotected situations, that their sisters of other countries do not enjoy. But Lord Shaftesbury, at a ragged-school meeting in Sheffield recently, related an anecdote calculated to disprove this idea. In remarking that young ladies would be surprised to find with what respect they would be treated by the forlorn classes if they would go amongst them with a view to education, he said: "In one of the worst parts of London there was an institution which he visited. In one room he found about thirty-five men listening to the teachings of the daughter of a small shopkeeper in the neighborhood. She was one of the prettiest women he ever saw in his life. He noticed that there was no one present but the young woman with those rough men, and he said to the superintendent, 'Are you not afraid to leave my dear little friend alone with all those men?' He replied, 'I am.' 'Then why don't you go to her?' 'You mistake my fear. I am not afraid of their doing *her* any harm. They love her so much that they would lick the ground on which she walks; but I am afraid some person may step in, and, not being under authority, or knowing the manners of the place, may say something impertinent to her, and, if he did, he would not leave the place alive.' " There is a touching proof, in this incident, of the influence that the defenceless innocence of women will exercise on the roughest natures. When a general equality of rights, privileges, and duties shall have extinguished all that remains of chivalry for woman, will this influence remain?

TABLE-TALK.

THERE has been some discussion about the title and subtitle of Victor Hugo's present romance, both in the original and the translation. The name of a work is a more important matter than the casual reader supposes. The French say it is *the* most important part of a work of fiction, especially a drama. The name of a French play, even an ordinary *vaudeville*, is often changed three or four times, after consultations, numerous and serious, of the manager, the authors, and their friends. It is not altogether unamusing to note, in this connection, that minor authors (the great stars, we suppose, must

always be allowed to choose for themselves) are constantly disagreeing with their publishers about the titles of their works. To maintain that one side is invariably wrong in these differences of judgment, would be a rash generalization. Sometimes the author has good reason to complain. The late Henry P. Leland contributed to a magazine some very amusing sketches of artist-life in Italy, under the neat and appropriate title of "Maccaroni and Canvas." When these were afterward collected into a volume, the publisher called the book "Americans at Rome," which was a threefold misnomer. The persons treated of were not Americans generally, but American artists; they were not Americans only, but artists from various countries; finally, they were not merely at Rome, for some of the sketches referred to other Italian localities. In this case we may suppose the publisher seduced by the word *American*. Publishers and editors have, or used to have, a weakness for the word *American*, as implying something grandiose, wide-reaching, and necessarily popular. A fugitive writer, at intervals of several years, contributed, to two English periodicals and an American paper, three series of what the French call *études*, all having titles with direct reference to their subjects. He was somewhat surprised and amused to note that the three editors, in different countries and at different times, all wished to change these titles for the same general one, "Sketches of American Society." On the other hand, a publisher's technical knowledge often saves an author from a title already appropriated, or likely to mislead, or objectionable on some other account. The writer of a treatise on government, published not long ago in this city, wished to give it a name which would have caused it to be mistaken for a novel. Thus far we have been proceeding on the supposition that the title of a literary work should have some connection with the subject; but the illustrious authority of Sir Walter Scott reminds us that there are two opinions about that matter. Scott instanced his "Ivanhoe" as a *perfect* title for a romance, because "it gave no hint of the story." A hypercritic might have joined issue with him, and contended that Ivanhoe, being the name of an English manor, suggested an English story. It would be possible even to refine on this point, and to argue that the name was not only suggestive, but misleading. Many titles of books have been misleading, some intentionally, some unintentionally. The "Purple Island" of Fletcher's old poem is the *human heart*. There is a quaint book of the last century called "Wanley's Wonders of the Little World." The *little world* is man, often styled by philosophers a *microcosm*, and the work is made up of stories, true and false, about the fortunes, virtues, sins, caprices, and deformities of various individuals and personages. In our own time we have "Ruskin on Sheepfolds," not agricultural, but architectural folds; and Miss Evans's "Mill on the Floss," which, appearing as it did just at the time of the Heenan and Sayers fight, was largely purchased by such of the pugilistic fraternity as could read, under the impression that it was a sporting novel. Indeed, this unlucky title gave rise to a double batch of mistakes, many booksellers supposing the "Mill" to be a proper name, whence it appeared in catalogues thus:

Mill on Liberty.

— on Political Economy.

— on the Floss.

The main title of Victor Hugo's present romance is, in some respects, a misleading one, as the reader will be able to see for himself by-and-by.

The gift of \$750,000 by Mr. Peabody, to erect suitable buildings for the poor of London, has been expended, and the trustees report completed accommodations for 1,971 persons, who are workmen of all kinds, with average wages of \$5.25 per week. The trustees state that, in the organization and management of these buildings, it has been their study to impose no restrictions on the entire freedom of action of any tenant, so far as is consistent with the comfort and convenience of all:

there are no rules which interfere in the slightest degree with their privacy or independence; all have uninterrupted ingress and egress at all hours, are as fully masters of their houses, and can live in as much seclusion and retirement, as if dwelling in any other building in the adjacent streets.

They state that the sanitary condition of the buildings shows an entire exemption from endemic diseases and from those complaints incident to low and crowded localities. Good ventilation and cleanliness are characteristic of the dwellings. An unlimited supply of water and bath-rooms free to every tenant, together with enclosed playgrounds for the children, have already produced a salutary effect, not only among the young, but perceptibly in the increased tidiness and cleanliness of the old.

The laborers are allowed the use of these privileges at the lowest possible rent, and much good will be done, not only by the immediate and direct relief which will be afforded, but by setting an example, on a conspicuous scale, of what can be done to help the working-classes. Mr. Peabody has subsequently added two donations of half a million dollars each, to erect lodging-houses in different parts of London.

The passers through Union Square, New York, on a bright March Sabbath, were amused by a performance, certainly not "down in the bills," which constitute the free picture-gallery of that part of the city. Two little girls were playing by one of the hard, backless benches which belong to the conventional discomforts of city-squares, and one of them, a little blooming four-year-old, was "laid out" on the bench. Her dress of crimson wool was spread over it, so as to extend around her like the leaves of a great rose of which she was the heart, and a gray shawl covered the plump ankles and simulated the winding-sheet. The fat little fingers overcame the difficulty of folding themselves, the wide-awake blue eyes consented to be shut, and the irrepressible mirth at the corners of the rosy mouth did its best to grow quiet into the sweet likeness of a marble sleep. Then the companion became the mourner, and the two children were playing dead.

Happy, holy childhood, so unstained and pure, that the grim terror of humanity is to them but as the sunshine and the flowers, and to whom the skeleton myth of our manhood becomes only a rosy plaything for babes! Is not Greenwood full of such children, who have only lain down there to look up soon on the sweet-faced angel of the resurrection, and laugh as they tell him they have been playing dead?

Of all the immigrants the Old World has sent us, none have a kindlier appreciation than the little English sparrows, now so numerous in all our parks and streets. We hear their gay chirp when we wake in the morning, and find them in our daily walks, if trees or green squares lie in our way, hopping in and out of our path, and making the city streets cheerful and pleasant with their happy twitterings. One may always pause, if in Union, Madison, or Washington Square, and watch their lively antics with genuine pleasure. They are so unmindful of your presence, that a wing will, at times, almost brush your face. They carry on all their affairs, heedless of the group of admirers that so often collect to observe them—sing their love-songs, choose their mates, build their nests, nurse their young, make their bath, and look like little incarnations of peace and happiness, without a thought or notice of the heart-sore crowds of men and women around them.

In Union Square, somebody, with more zeal than taste, has erected what he calls a "Sparrow Hotel." It is a big, elaborate structure, containing several hundred apartments for nests, painted and gilded to the highest possibility of gayety, and decorated to excess with eccentric ornaments. The sparrows, however, with delightful good taste, prefer the brown little boxes hid away among the leaves of shady trees, and only take

up their homes in the gay "hotel" when modest quarters cannot be found. It seems strange that our city authorities have not the power to prevent public grounds from being made an arena in which anybody may display his crude and vulgar tastes. The sparrows are delightful additions to our pleasure-grounds; may they multiply! but spare us, zealous friends, from these childish and vulgar devices, erected in the name of beauty, but which, in truth, are so detestably ugly!

The condition of the English work-people in mines and factories still forms a matter for official investigation and public discussion. The report of a Parliamentary committee, appointed for an inspection of factories, condemns the employment of women on pit-banks and in clay-mines, and draws a painful picture of the morals and manners of these workers. Their scanty dresses, the attitudes they are compelled to assume, the evil associations they form, "tend to an obscenity of language and manner which cannot be described." "A woman," the report goes on to say, "could hardly work in these yards, bespattered with clay, and a witness to the most brutalizing examples, while she had any purity of moral sense. But, driven as a child from home by the spendthrift sensuality of parental greed, she is early initiated to a most degraded condition of life, and, day by day covered with the dirt of her occupation, no wonder she delights in every thing which adds to her material indulgences, and becomes the pariah she is."

The *London Student*, established recently under the management of a corps of able professors, died before it was six months old; and now the *Museum*, for some years the leading English educational monthly, announces its own demise with the last issue.

Why is this? and why is it that our own educational journals drag out their existence at such a "poor dying rate," that the presumptions are constantly against their continuance, while many of them can only maintain the breath of life by voluntary subsidies or State aid? It is not because the subject is uninteresting, for there is to-day, to the very borders of civilization, a deeper concern in educational questions than the world has ever before witnessed. It is not because the subject is exhausted; for, when taken up by bold and independent minds, new aspects of it are constantly presented, which arrest universal attention and command the public sympathy. The reason is, that educational journals are professional, and therefore appeal to a narrow constituency. They are not designed for the general public, and therefore do not reach it. Pedagogical in spirit, dealing with the technicalities of instruction, and squabbling interminably over petty questions of school-room detail, they are absorbed in matters which pertain specially to teachers, and the public consequently cares little about them. Another reason for this public neglect is, that there is a wide-spread instinctive feeling that what now passes under the name of education, and the claims of which are so loudly vaunted, is very far from being the thing which this age requires. There is a chaos of views and a conflict of systems which indicate a period of profound transition. There is a distrust of our inherited methods, and a hope of something better; and, as teachers are generally the salaried dependants of an existing system, they are tacitly regarded, whether justly or not, as its defenders, and their literature as belonging to the past rather than to the present or the future.

No doubt, teachers must have their own journals devoted to their class interests, but, with reference to education as a public concernment, the people will look to the public press for discussion and enlightenment. The truth is, education has a relation to the general welfare of society, and to other public questions, so intimate and vital as to forbid its divorce from them in popular thought. Hence journals exclusively educational are very little cared for.